THIS ISN'T A " CONTEST."

A CURE FOR "NERVES."

THE UNJOINTED BUSSIAN NOSE.

THE HUMORS OF HELL

THE EYON SUIT.

There are symptoms of the beginning use in this country of Eton schoolboy suits for youths under eighteen. Anything more supremely ridiculous than the Eton suit when put on a loug-legged boyshort jacket with long sleeves, long, straight trousers, stovepipe hat, wide white cuffs, and Bryon collar-can't be imagined. Imagine playing foot-ball in a stovepipe hat! But this monstrous apparel is superlatively English in all its associations, and that will carry it a great way toward the affection of a certain class of Americans.

To the Editor of the Dispatch :

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

A nuisance that ought to be removed at once is the assembling of the crowd of half-grown negro idlers who interfere with the passengers arriving and departing from the trains at the depots. A few mornings since a lady lost her satchel by handing it to one of these youths. All the stations have portors to attend to this matter, but these boot-blacks and others watch their opportunity and annoy persons who are strangers to our city. A prompt removal of these loungers should be carried out. The police force is not large enough to have one stationed at these depots all the time.

THE ETON SUIT.

solution.

CHAPTER XII.

ng for him nearly an to a neighboring restaurant for akfast. On returning I found that he not yet come back. Alarmed at his simued absence I went at once to Hes-a partments, scarcely expecting, how-r, to find him there, but confident that would be able to tell where he was

kely to go.

"Ne doubt he has gone on some gooderand," she said. "Has be not told you of
is charitable enterprises?"

"He told me last night how they had
sduced his fortune."

"Poor fellow!" she continued. "In his
eat for others he quite forgot his own
ceds. I would have told you about it, but
hat he implored me to spare you any
nowledge of his condition. I think we
hall be able to find him. Let us go and
ry."

we went at once our state-rooms. I was soon asleep after getting into my berth, but was awakened by the tramp of feet on the river. On reaching Second avenue we took a car and rode down among the big genements towering into the sky on all sides in the lower part of the city. Alighting in the midst of these human hives we made our way through a wretched crowd shivering in the hivery of destitution, down a long and narrow alley. Entering one of these doorways we climbed a steep flight of stairs, above which was a squalid throng pressing about an open door on the landing. The women held children in their arms and many of them were crying bitterly. The men stood in silence peering curiously over the heads of the further throng into the crowded chamber. Some of them greeted Hester with great respect and moved aside that we might have room to enter. As we neared the door I could hear a babel of strange tongues and the voices of women calling down the blessing of Heaven upon some one in their midst. It was Rayel. He stood in a corner of the room holding two little children in his arms and the crowd was pressing forward as if eager to speak with him. He was talking in a low youce to those nearest him, but I was unable to catch his words. There were men

we alighted at our own door I saw a man standing by the street-lamp on the corner some distance away whom I recognized as Mr. Murmurtot. I found a letter from Mr. Earl awaiting me at home, in which he urged us to hasten back to England as soon as possible after my recovery. "You and Rayel," he said, "will, I trust, make your home at my house."

Next day we began our preparations for the voyage.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was on a bleak and windy night in December that we were driven through a pelting rain to one of the docks, on the North river, which our steamer was to leave at high tide in the early morning. When we alighted Mr. Murmortot stood shivering in a great coat and rauffler close by the passengers' entrance.

"This is a good place for a warm greeting," said he, taking Hester's hand. "I've stood here so long that my teeth are chattering from the cold."

"Won't you come aboard with us?" I

by the passengers' entrance.

"This is a good place for a warm greeting," said he, taking Hester's hand. "I've stood here so long that my teeth are chattering from the cold."

"Won't you come aboard with us?" I saked.

"Won't you come aboard with us?" I asked.

"Not yet," he replied, "but I expect to sail with you in the morning."

"Sa rough night, sir," said the porter who carried our luggage, "but we'll find it a bit rougher outside I'm feered, afore another night."

Fatigued by a long day of arduous work we went at once to our state-rooms. I was soon asleep after getting into my berth, but was awakened by the tramp of feet on the upper decks and the shouting of the crew long before the ship left her moorings. They reminded me of the first night I had spent on an ocean steamer—the night I left Liverpool on that journey fraught with damper I had not then dreamed of. I had grown oid very fast under the influences that had come into my life since then. Indeed, I was now a man, whereas I had been only a boy when I left England. But Rayel was with me now, and that repaid me fer all I had suffered. What would he have done in that lonely mansion after his father's death? For hours my mind was occupied with these reflections, and at length I determined to dress myself and go on deck. Rayel awoke while I was dressing and decided to go with me.

We found the decks thronged with peo-

It was a very unusual burst of confidence

"LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MR. FENLON."

"HE STOOD IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM HOLDING TWO LITTLE CHILDREN IN HIS ARMS."

It was a scene the like of which few can ever hope to witness. After all, I thought, what manner of riches can be compared to the satisfaction which Rayel feels at this moment. I was quite ready then to applaud his unselfish generosity, for in that gloomy and unclean place I first saw the full radiance of God's truth that it is infinitely more blessed to give than to receive. We stood for a long time looking upon this memorable meeting of Cadmus and Caliban. When at length he caught sight of us Rayel came where we stood and he said he was ready to go home. Perceiving that we were about to go the crowd hurried from the building into the narrow alley leading out upon the street. Some shouted endearing farewells as we passed them and many of their hardened faces were wet with tears. The sun was just going down and the shadows were deepening between the high walls looming above us as we started homeward. Hester insisted that we must dine with her and decided upon the day of our departure. Rayel and I went directly home for a bath and change of clothing, after which we proceeded at once to Hester's apartments. Evidently somewhat fatigued by the day's experience Rayel had little to say while we were eating dinner. It was arranged that we would start for England by the first

experience Rayel had little to say while we were eating dinner. It was arranged that we would start for England by the first steamer on which we could secure a comfortable passage. We had no sooner finished our coffee than a servant announced Mr. Benjamin Murmurtot, who wished to see Miss Bronson.

"A reporter!" exclaimed Hester.

"There's no dodging them in America, Shall I ask him in a moment?"

We said yes, of course, and Mr. Murmur-

We said yes, of course, and Mr. Murmur-tot presently fluttered into the room. He was a natty little man, with a large nose, a bald head, and a decidedly English accent. "Delighted to see you, Miss Bronson." said he, "deighted, I'm sure. Thought I'd call and pay my respects before you leave the city."

He greeted us all with like effusiveness and sat down, facing Hester.
"H's very kind of you," said she, "but pray how did you know I was to leave the

"Why, I'm sure, Miss Bronson, every-body knows you are going home to be married?"

body knows you are going home to be married?"

"It is true that I am going home soon," said she, "but I must decline to discuss my object in doing so."

"Fray pardon me; I'm a journalist, you know," said Mr. Murmurtot, "and I earn my living by impertinence. Have I not seen you before, sir?" he continued, facing Rayel. "I think you were at the theatre one evening some time ago—sat in the lower box at the right of the stage—I remember it well, sir."

"I remember the occasion," said my cousin, with his accustomed gravity.

"I read about that occurrence at Mr. Paddington's dinner party, sir," continued Mr. Murmurtot. "It was decidedly clever in you, sir—deceedly clever! Everybody is talking about it now. The Count has been arrested."

arrested."
"Arrested!" I exclaimed. "Has he been

"Yes, this morning, for the robbery, you know. They say that the police have secured evidence that will convict him sure, but it seems they are not yet ready to make it public. Reporters can't get the Inspector to say a word about it, you know—not a word."

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]
STANARDSVILLE, June 3.—The May clouds were gathering in the heavens when I left home for a short run across the country to some of the booming towns. I tound the country roads extremely dirty, as our northern cousins would say, but the ladies' waiting-room at Barboursville was dirtier. The moving train stopped long enough to take us on and we were soon travelling rapidly to Charlottesville. Every convenuence awaits the traveller there. She has never known obscurity. She wears her newly-acquired honors with the grace of a veteran. She is the centre of a distinguished community. Intelligence holds high carnival there during every commencement season and many votaries hie hither to do homage at her shrine. Thomas Jefferson engraved his name in a more lasting monument than marble when he established the University for the good of posterity.

My trip there recalled an incident which transpired when the tall sycamore of the Wabash, Mr. Voorhees, was in the zenith of his fame and made his first speech in Charlottesville. It was related to me by one of the boys who heard him. The principal of the Gordonsville school for boys then was a quiet, dignified old Presbyterian minister. He admonished his young men to be decorous, however cloquent of their orator, and not let excitement get the better of their judgment. The Presbyterian minister was the first to become enthused and forget his dignity as the sould stirring words fell from the lips of the eloquent Indianan. He applauded with the loudest, and was soon minus his silk hat, which he never recovered.

The Brooks museum is a fine collection and would do honor to any city. and women of many nationalities in the throng. I saw Italians, Celts, Poles, Germans, and even men whose swarthy faces and peculiar garb betokened Semitic origin. When we pressed nearer to Rayel I saw some, as they came within reach, extend their hands and touch him fondly, uttering exclamations as they did so, often in a tongue that was strange to me. These simple minded people seemed to regard him as a supernatural being whom it was good to talk with and whose touch it was a blessing to feel. A look of love and gentleness and sympathy irradiated his face and invited their confidence. These were evidently the poor whom he had befriended, and he was now taking leave of them, probably forever. It was a scene the like of which few can ever hope to witness. After all, I thought, what, manner of riches can be com-

Wampler's art gallery has a large assortment of handsome faces and interesting scenes. I saw a picture there of Amélie Rives photographed from a painting in the parlor at Castle Hill executed by herself. She obtained her model from a mirror. She is a beautiful woman and a fine form, but the photograph would have been more attractive veiled in modesty.

The run from Charlottesville to Basic City is continually changing and extremely picturescue; high mountains thrown up on one side and rushing rivulets on the other; valleys hollowed out and meandering streams. The clouds, which had been threatening for some time, soon fell in torrents. There were some very pretty stations along the road. One especially noticeable was a school for boys.

BASIC CITY. man with a bristly fgrowth of close-chopped black hair, a low forehead, and shaggy evebrows, who was leaning lazily against the railing of the stairway. "Let us avoid him," he whispered. "I do not like his looks."

do not like his looks."

What can this mean? I asked myself as we all proceeded to the deck. Perhaps he was the man the detective was looking for. It was a beautiful sunlit afternoon and the vessel rode steadily in a sea that was growing quiet under the dying impulse that the winds had left behind them. We drew our chairs together on the deck near the stern of the vessel and had settled down for a quiet chat among ourselves when we were unexpectedly joined by Mr. Murmurtof.

Murmurtot.

"Delighted, I'm sure!" he exclaimed, with the same inimitable drawl I had noted on the occasion of our first meeting. I soon observed that the artful little gentleman was master of an elaborate system of exclamations, by which he encouraged one to talk freely without saying anything himself - BASIC CITY. The site here is rather flat for such a filly country. The big hotel is on the countainous side of the road. Everything about this city strikes one as extremely new. The majority of the houses seem to have been made by the same pattern—too much sameness in construction to be inviting. The most picturesque spot about the place is a large artificial mound, said to be an Indian burial-ground. self. In response to my assertion that we had been exceedingly busy getting ready for the trip, he said simply:
"Indeed!"

to be an Indian burial-ground.

AT STAUNTON.

Many umbrellas of monstrous sizes were moving in every direction. Then they did not keep off the heavy rain. I understood that one street in Staunton was Water street. They were all water streets whilst we there. I was surprised not to see electric street-cars used. Mules about the size of rabbits pulled the cars slowly along the hilly streets. It was a very unusual ourse to contacted in which he was moved to express his views with any greater freedom. When the remark which preceded it was evidently expected to meet with Mr. Murmurtot's concurrence, then he would say, "Yes, indeed!"

deed!"

If the remark were one to which this response would be inappropriate he often went to the extent of observing, "I dare say!" seemingly ventured after careful consideration of the chances for and against the proposition which provoked it. "My dear sir, I do not agree with you," he would always say when he felt compelled to differ with me. If the difference in our views chanced to be extremely radiof rabbits pulled the cars slowly along the hilly streets.

The benevolent institutions and the highest female schools of learning have made this city a source of love and veneration which no other city in the State possesses. Her lot sales which are to come off this week were well advertised on the trains. There was considerable travel to and from this city notwithstanding the excessive rains. ing the excessive rains.

AT GORDONSVILLE. Since Gordonsville has been aroused she is very busy entering on her career of usefulness. She has prospects of a bright future before her. It is true she is yet in her swaddling clothes, but when her enterprises take shape and mature she will be as full-fiedged as any of the other towns to enter the boom race. Her material is good, her locality splendid, and her environments beautiful.

A Correction. FORK UNION, June 2, 1891. To the Editor of the Dispatch: Referring to the matter of "free coinage" in my letter as published in your Sunday edition of the 31st ultimo you make me say "fractional working of which," whereas the manuscript expressly had it "practical working of which," etc.

A Wise Precaution. [Judge.]

Fangle (to his wife): "Oh, by the way, my dear, I invited the minister to take dinner with us to-morrow."

Mrs. Fangle (who is familiar with her hus. cal, he would throw particular emphasis upon the word "dear," as a sort of recompense for his opposition. These forms of speech, with occasional and slight variations, were always employed by Mr. Murmuriot as a medium of thought and sentiment. band's language when carving): "Very well, love. I'll have the cook carve the fowls before they are brought to the table."

"No. Mary, I shall never marry John filson. The engagement is broken." "Why, Ethel?"

Inspector to say a word about it, you know—not a word."

There were exclamations of surprise and gratification from all present save Rayel, who remained silent, while a faint smile stole over his face.

"I knew they would find him out," said he.

"I hear that you are a mind-reader, sir," said Mr. Murmurtot, again addressing my cousin.

"And you are a detective, I believe, and not a reporter," said Rayel. "It is good that we understand each other."

Mr. Murmurtot started with surprise at the remark.

"I do not know how fully you may be acquainted with my scoret," said he, "but permit me to assure you that I am here on a friendly mission."

"I have no doubt of that," said my cousin.

"Let me proceed directly to the object of my visit, then, which is to learn how soon you expect to return to England."

"By Saturday, if possible," I replied.

"That is good," said he, turning toward me. "The sconer the better. In the meantime it will be my duty to keep a sharp eye upon yon. I have been near you all day. You need not feel any alarm. Only do not be surprised if you meet me often. I am responsible for your safety, that is all."

"For whom are you acting?" I asked.

"My dear sir." said he rising to go, men in my line of business must not talk too much. Good night."

After he had gone we asked Bayel to tell us more shout this mysterious visitor, but he was unable to do so. When we started away Hoster put on her was a flash of anger.

"The some of business must not talk too much. Good night."

After he had gone we asked Bayel to tell us more sbout this mysterious visitor, but he was unable to do so. When we started away Hoster put on her was a flash of anger. "I found I could never be happy with him. The other evening I asked him whether we should have a church or a home wedding, and he asked me which was Not Appropriate,

[Harper's Bazar.] Reportah: How did your banquet go off, Banklurk?
Banklurk: Not so well as it might, you know. The toastmaster called on a gentleman who had lost an ear, an eye, and a leg to answer to the toast, "Our Absent Members."

(Boston Herald.)

"It is rather strange that an apothecary's business should be profitable."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because much of what he sells is a drug in the market." Forewarned.

[F. S. M. in Judge.]

Twas just before their wedding-day,
They drove about the country lane,
And starting on the homeward way
She held her hands out for the reins.

A NEW YORK PALACE WHAT IT COSTS TO LIVE IN A HOUSE ON FIFTH AVENUE.

> Facts and Figures About Millionaires Homes-The Fair Co-Respondent-The Woman Who Smokes.

New York, June 6.—The story of Fifth avenue is like a fairy tale of the good old fashioned kind, where bags of pearls and rubies are stuffed into good little boys' pockets and uncounted gold lies kicking about on the floors of dragou-haunted The study of that curious American pro-

should be had taken such extraordinary lin whom he had taken such extraordinary lin was sitting alone one afternoon when Mr. Murnurot came along and asked it he might introduce an acquaintance of his whom I ought to know. Then he went to find the gentleman, saying that he would be many thought of the many mind reverted to the man who had been the bugbe or Present. It Wr. Murnuriot touched a mind the two lines are in the work of the man who had been the bugbe fore me the very man of whom I had been think. It will be the work of the man who had been the bugbe fore me the very man of whom I had been think. It will be the work of the man who had been the bugbe fore me the very man of whom I had been think. It was the voice of the say of the hand that was extended to me mechanically and made some incoherent response I do not remember what. I had been taken by surprise. My voice was unnatural and my strength seemed to have left me suddenly.

"Are you not well, sir?" he asked. "No, sir, he is not well yet." It was the voice of Rayel that answered for me. He was standing above us. The man turned pale and moved quickly backward two or three steps, staring at my cousin as if in fear of steps, staring at my cousin as if in fear of steps, staring at my cousin as if in fear of steps, staring at my cousin as if in fear of steps, staring at my cousin as if in fear of steps, staring at my cousin as if in fear of steps, staring at my cousin as if in fear of steps, staring at my cousin as if in fear of steps, staring at my cousin as if in fear of steps, staring at my cousin as if in fear of steps, staring at my cousin as if in fear of steps, staring at my cousin as if in fear of steps, staring at my cousin as if in fear of steps, staring at my cousin as if in fear of steps, staring at my cousin as if in fear of steps, staring at my cousin as if in fear of steps, staring at my cousing the steps of the steps of the mother of the steps of the mother of the steps of th

SMOKING WOMEN.

The woman who smokes exists, but there

The woman who smokes exists, but there are not very many of her.

I have a pretty wide acquaintance with members of the gentler sex, but I know personally only two smoking women. One of these indulges in an occasional eigarette. The other occasionally, but not habitually, smokes a big, strong, black eigar of the most vigorous kind. This second smoker is somewhat remarkable for one of her sex. A visitor of the masculine gender once brought her by way of a joke a package or two of very fine eigarettes. She experimented with them in private, and then began offering them to gentlemen callers. As the little weeds had not inconvenienced her at all she was rather surprised that these experienced smokers found them strong. After a few days the donor of the cigarettes dropped in.

"Well, how many of them can you smoke?" he said a trifle sheepishly, for he knew the potency of bis gift.

"Oh, three or four at once," was the nonchalant reply.

"The D—ickens you can!" said he in estonishment: "why you are ready to be promoted to cigars." And the promotion took place at once. The man tempted her and she did smoke, and has done it more or less ever since.

It init strange that women should occa-

ever since.
It isn't strange that women should occa-

sionally take to cigars, but rather that seef them do it. I know another young woman who has herself never touched to bacco but who grew up in a smoking family and was used to the smell of the burning weed. She married a minister and moved into a little country town in New Jersey. Her husband didn't smoke. One day a big cousin came to visit this ministrate wife. She sent her husband on its country town. day a big cousin came to visit this minister's wife. She sent her husband out to buy some cigars and filled the big cousin's pocket with them. "Now." said she after he had lighted one of them, "sit right down there in front of me and blow the smoke this way. That's it! Blow it right in my face. Ah-h-h! Isn't that a fine cigar?" If she weren't a clergyman's wife I fancy this lady—cultured, beautiful, refined, sensible—would be solely tempted to try a weed herself sometimes.

"If course it is morally no worse for women to smoke than for men to do it, but it is a silly, pernicious, and utterly inexcusable habit. I'd rather see men dropping it than women taking it up.

ping it than women taking it up. GOT THE BEST OF IT.

I suppose auctioneers are about as apt

I suppose auctioneers are about as apt as most men to have their eye-teeth cut, but I say a woman get the best of one the other dry in a very laughable manner. Upon the catalogue of an odds-and-ends sale was a pair of old German tankards, one of which was considerably finer than the other, the second lacking also its pewter lid. The lot was knocked down at \$7.50 each to a thin woman in a striped dress, who promptly announced that she only wanted one.

"Sorry, madam," said the auctioneer, "but I can't divide the lot." Then his gallantry overcame his prudence, and he added tentatively: "Perhaps some other lady would like one."

"Pd like one," said a fat woman in red.

"Well, we'll put 'em up again," said the anctioneer, hoping to get a higher price.

"Threefitybidy-hosystone for the said of the anctioneer, hoping to get a higher "Threefitybidy-hosystone for the said of the anctioner.

"Threefiftybidwhosaysfourfourfourl'm

offereditsagainstyouladiesfourfiftyfour fif-ty'snopriceatallfive five five five bid five bid givementty-fivefity-sixIhear six I hear six I earsixsixfifty-sevensevenseven fifty-even fifty give me eight seven fifty give me sight—alldone?Soldforsevenfifty."
"I'll take the one with the cover," sang

"I'll take the one with the cover," sang out the thin woman.
"All right, madam," said the auctioneer with his blandest smile.
"But I won't take the other one," said the fat woman in a tone of lively protest, "I wanted that myself," and then there was a roar of laughter at the auctioneer's expense. Then the second tankard was put up separately, and, without the help of its running mate, brought just \$1.75.

Six months or so ago the greatest of the New York newspaper syndicates sent out for publication a sketch of one of the best known and most successful professional women in New York accompanied by an excellent portrait. Sketch and portrait were published in a certain western paper whose locality cannot be too closely hinted at. A few days ago a local divorce case caused a great stir in the town where this paper was published, and its editor having no portraits of the principals in the case picked out the portrait of the New York woman, blew the dust off it, and published it as "an excellent likeness of the gliddy corespondent." Of course some kind friend sent the New York woman a copy of the paper, and she has vowed a big vow that she will never give any newspaper-man another photograph.

Do you wonder at it? I don't. Would Mrs. Potter Palmer like to have her picture published as that of a confidence-woman? Would Governor Hill like to have his handsome features figure as the horse-thief in a Montana lynching story? Hardly. It is such antics that make the work of honest newspaper-men and women harder than it need be. THE GIDDY CO-RESPONDENT.

honest newspaper-men and women harder than it need be.

one of the most busily discussed topics of conversation among artists early in the past season was the studio sale of William M. Chase's paintings, which went at scandalously low prices. Mr. Chase is one of the first painters of the country, and is held in high esteem personally and professionally by his brother artists, but the great picture-buying public did not make its presence known at the sale. One man from Pennsylvania came with \$1,000 in his pocket to get "two good Chases." He carried home eight of the best. A Massachusetts agent came to buy two at any price; he got them for a song.

This was discouraging, but Mr. Chase has recently assured me that the sale really did him good. Such neglect of an American artist just after fabulous prices had been paid at the Seney sale for French pictures by men ne abler was the text of so many newspaper sermons that the picture buyers took a tumble—I may say that, mayn't I?—and Mr. Chase Is now more busy with commissions than ever before. And that without abandoning any of his stern ideas or resorting to trickery such as sometimes makes a small artist famous. MB. CHASE'S PAINTINGS.

THE WAR OF NEWSPAPERS.

The competition between New York newspapers is now so keen as to preclude the slightest possibulity of profits for most of them. Competition does not con-

THE LADY MANAGERS WORK, PLANS, AND HOPES OF THE BOARD FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Women's Share in Industrial Activity-To Act on the Juries of Award-The Board's Headquarters-Woman's Condition.

[Written for the Dispatch.]

The Board of Lady Managers of the World's Columbian Exposition, which was authorized by the Fifty-first Congress, consists of two women commissioners and their alternates from each State and Terri-tory, nine from the city of Chicago, and nine commissioners at large. The creation of this large and representa

The creation of this large and representative board was the direct result of the excellent work done by women at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia and later at the New Orleans Cotton Exposition. In Philadelphia the Women's Commission, under the energetic management of Mrs. Gillespie, worked long and earnestly to get together a creditable exhibit of women's work and to raise the funds to erect a building—the Women's Pavilion—in which to display it. They also arranged for and superintended the opening chorus sung by one thousand children.

In New Orleans Mrs. Juha Ward Howe, one of the noblest women of this or any country, assisted by one woman commissioner from each State and Territory, accomplished wonders, and presented, after great difficulties, a very creditable and interesting show of woman's achievements. The work done by both these women's commissions deserves recognition and gratitude for the great results brought about with so little outside assistance; it had favorably influenced the public mind and paved the way to the appointment of this larger board to work conjointly with the National Commission to make the great Columbian Exposition the grandest celebration of the century. tive board was the direct result of the ex-

"Who is the most popular actress?"

No, don't be alarmed; there is no occasion. I am not proposing a prize contest, with a piano for the stage star getting the most votes. That was the question I asked a great photograph-seller, and this was his unhesitating answer: "Lillian Russell, by a large majority, ir you judge by the sale of photographs."

"And who next?" I asked, whereupon And who next?" I asked, wherenpon "And who next?" I asked, wherenpon the photograph-man walked up and down his cases scanning the long rows of cabinets. Then he came back and wrote on a slip of paper four names in this order: Lillian Russell, Agnes Huntington, Mrs. Kendal, Ada Renan.

Here's food for philosophy. The acknowledged queen of comic opera leads in favor with one of the aspirant Crown Princesses next, and the plain-faced, heavy British matron ahead of the more beautiful and equally gifted American comedienne. Why? Heaven knows, certainly, but I don't, and it isn't worth while to waste too much effort over the solution.

ITS COMPOSITION.

The Board of Lady Managers is composed of women of many differing shades of opinion—political, religious, intellectual, and social—but they all agree in a high conception of patriotism and duty and of their responsibility to the industrial interest of their sex. In the list are to be found journalists, lawyers, doctors, college professors, real estate agents, stockraisers, farmers, teachers, poets, and artists. So large a proportion of the members are practical business-women with a clear comprehension of the wage-carner's view of lite that their influence is the dominating force in the plans and purposes of the board.

MEBIT, NOT SEX. Near Central Park there is a huge gymnasium devoted almost wholly to medical cases—straightening up lateful curvature of the spine, reforming bent shoulders and wry necks, curing digestive difficulties, and the like. I was somewhat surprised when Dr. Savage, the director, told me the other day that "nerves" was a common disease sent to him for curative treatment. The nervous patients, he says, are usual-

MEBIT, NOT SEX.

The first question dealt with by the board after the organization in Chicago in November was whether the work of women should be a separate exhibit or should be shown conjointly with the work of men under the general classifications. A majority of the women felt that the women-workers of the world had reached the point where they could afford to compete for the prizes side by side with men; that merit, not sex, should be considered, and that no woman whose work was worthy of exhibition would value a prize awarded because it was for a woman's work.

AGAINST SEPARATE EXHIBITS. MEBIT, NOT SEX. The nervous patients, he says, are usually women who have ruined their systems by drugs, whether prescribed as medicines by fool doctors or taken on their own responsibility. In either case there comes a time when drugs have no more power to time when drugs have no more power to stimulate the flagging strength, and an ut-ter collapse follows. Then the specialist steps in and prescribes exercise and abso-lute abstention from drugs, and the gym-nasium-man gradually builds up the lost strength and returns the nervous woman to her health again. Wonderfui, isn't it? The modern athletic girl is taking the best means to avoid such a difficulty, evidently.

It has puzzled some people to understand why the illness of the painter Verestehagrin should interfere with the proposed sale of his paintings, which has been indefinitely postponed. The truth is that the Russian nose is out of joint in New York. Only last year Russian dresses were all the rage and society matrons dealt out caravam tea from samecars at "afternoons." Now they sit by low, hexagonal Armenian tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl in curious patterns and pour tea or coffee from copper pots. Hence the shrewd dealers fear that even Russian pictures AGAINST SEPARATE EXHIBITS. Both in Philadelphia and New Orleans there had been separate exhibits, and in both cases the friends of women were disappointed by the meagre display made when the work done by women alone was exhibited and they were not credited with the immense amount, immense both in variety and in volume, which women had done in conjunction with men. It was therefore decided that there should be no separate exhibit but that each exhibitor therefore decided that there should be no separate exhibit but that each exhibitor should be required to state whether his manufacture was in whole or in part the work of women, and that some device indicating that fact should be placed thereon, so that all who go through the Exposition and are at all interested in the matter can see the share women have in producing our industrial activity. eoffee from copper pots. Hence the shrewd dealers fear that even Russian pictures would get small favor from buyers who are necessarily influenced by the whims and caprices of fashion.

Within two or three years we have had Japanese, Russian, and Turkish crazes, not to mention such variations on civilized themes as Empire, Directory, Louis Seize, &c. What next?

A RIGHLY-PRIZED PRIVILEGE. A most important privilege for the pro-A most important privilege for the protection of women's interest was conferred upon the board by the act of Congress, which entitles them to act as members on the juries of award for "all exhibits which may be produced in whole or in part by female labor." This privilege has been greatly enlarged by the recent action of the Board of Control: it is one of the most highly-prized and jealously-guarded rights of the Women's Board, and they will avail themselves of it to the fullest extent.

THE HUMOES OF HELL.

Briggs men and anti-Briggs men may fume about doctrines all they like. The fact is that people won't take hell fire seriously—ordinary people, I mean. I remember well a frivolous young fellow of my acquaintance who had occasion some years ago to mourn the loss of the black the sheep of the family, his own brother, who died unrepentant. The conversation turning one day upon the future world, tmy frivolous acquaintance announced his belief that his brother was at that moment enduring the tortues of the damned.

Then his countenance lightened, and he said with a queer, half-ashamed chuckle: "Wouldn't it be funny to see him sizzling away there in the fire?"

What's the use of talking theology to a man like that?

AN EXPENSIVE DEUNE. READQUARTERS. The Women's Administration Building, which will be the headquarters of the board, will be one of which every woman in the country may well be proud. The

with a queer, half-ashamed chuckle:
"Wouldn't it be funny to see him sizzling away there in the fire?"
What's the use of talking theology to a man like that?

Newspaper-men are fond of saying that the old days of the Bohemian journalist are gone never to return, but here is a story that sounds suspiciously like a refutation of too sweeping a statement of the altered times.

The city editorship of one of the greatest papers in the metropolitan region was offered to a certain bright young journalist and his commission was practically made out. In his joy he went down to the Gravesend race-track with a chosen crony and got on a glorious spree. The business manager of the paper heard of it somehow and before the drunk had simmered away to all the women of the country. The city editorship of one of the greatest papers in the metropolitan region was offered to a certain bright young journalist and his commission was practically made out. In his joy he went down to the Gravesend race-track with a chosen crony and got on a giorious spree. The business manager of the paper heard of it somehow and before the drunk had simmered away to the subsequent katzenjammer the vacant desk was offered to and accepted by another young man, who keeps sober. That was an expensive drunk.

to all the women of the country. FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

The board, through its president, has sent petitions to foreign governments asking each of these governments to appoint bodies of wemen to co-operate with them in securing a comprehensive exhibit of women's part in the labor of this mundane sphere—in all the countries of the globe. In case this request is granted, as it already has been in a few instances and doubtless will be in others, it will be a great gain for women; it will give women in many countries a recognition never begreat gain for women; it will give women in many countries a recognition never before accorded them by the State, and if their duties are satisfactorily performed it will lead to their recognition in similar projects in their own countries and open the way to new and greater opportunities by drawing attention to the condition and capabilities of the women of many lands.

WOMEN'S CONDITION.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The following comments in reply to the Washington Post, taken from the Cleveland Puin Dealer of the 30th ultimo, contains so much wholesome truth that I think they ought to be reproduced in the columns of the Dispatch.

I am suprised at the Washington Post.

I am editorial on the Democratic party and the Alliance the Washington Post among other things says that "the Bourbon Democratic organs breakfast, lunch, and dine off the need question. They are atraid of the negro." When and where? The race question has been the diet of the surrender at Appomattox. For more than twenty years it was the principal political thunder of the Republican party, which fooled the colored people into voting the Republican ticket by false claims and promises of political perfermiont, scarcely one of which has been kept. It stirred to the lies so long that some beleived them true, but when the facts became known the race question as an issne died, and as a consequence the Republican party suffered. It is the Republican party that is afraid of the negro. It is afraid because thenegoes South and many North, becoming educated and seeing how they have been fooled for political purposes only, are leaving the Republican party.

Inebriates' Home. The board proposes to establish a bureau of statistics and make a thorough canvass in order to discover for itself the condition of the women laborers of this country, especially the amount of child labor employed, the proportion of pay women get for their proportion of work, to ascertain if woman's quickness and delicacy of touch are of distinct value in some kinds of employment, and to see if there are any salient features which have never yet been recorded. They hope to advance the status of woman by calling such attention to her position and needs as must result in benefit. To this end they invite the sympathy and help of all women. In this way only will they be able to present to the world a summary of woman's work, of her achievements in artistic, literary, agricultural, domestic, and industrial pursuits that shall mark an epoch in the history of womankind.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I was much interested in reading your account of the discussion before the Academy of Medicine in regard to the establishment of an inebriate asylum. In order to aid them in arriving at a correct conclusion as to how it should be maintained I have two suggestions to offer, and I think that one or the other should be adopted:

First. As the Commonwealth sells the licenses to the men who deal out that which makes inebriates the cost of the institution might very properly be borne by AT HOME AND ASBOAD.

They hope to have the interest and cooperation of the women of every clime and
kingdom, but especially of those of our
own fswored land in every State and Territory to show that through the enlargement
of woman's opportunities, capacities, and
courage she now works successfully in almost every field; to show the diversities of
the lines of development, whether physical, intellectual, industrial, or moral; to
show the influences of climate, environment, education, and social customs. The
mental culture of the New England woman, the social charm and talent of the
southern sister, the professional training
of the northern, the ingenuity and enterprise of the westorn woman, the energy
and heroism of the dwellers in our great
Southwest, are all and equally potential
factors in the development of the coming
American woman. which makes insbriates the cost of the in-stitution might very properly be borne by the public from the license revenues. Second. Those who thus sell it may— and I think should be made to—bear the burden. It is they who make the profit on the article which drives men to that con-dition, and out of the profits thus made they should be taxed for the support of the asylum.

bood.

Still more do, they hops to show that woman's success in industrial and intellectual labor has not hardened or materialized her. She is still ideal and spritual, and her best work for humanity is in the reforms she has had the courage and the ideality to inaugurate against ancient wrongs, in upholding a pure morality, and in guarding the home.

K. S. G. P.

The Faith That Moves Mounts (Buchanan Banner-Messenger.)

I'd rather be a Hardshell, And with the Gespei fed, Than to be the King of England With a crown upon my head. I'd rather be a Hardshell.
And hear the Gospel sound,
Than be the greatest statesm:
That walks upon the ground

I'd rather be a Hardshell, And suffer all reproach. Than be a railroad preside And riding in his coach.

I'd rather be a Hardshell, And with a little few. Than be a high-tide Baptist Hunting for something new

Pve been a Hardshell many years In truth as well as name; I want to live a Hardshell— I want to die the same.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

The Best **Blood Medicine**

So say Leading Physicians and Druggists, and their opinion is indorsed by thousands cured by it of Scrofula, Eczema, Erysipelas, and other diseases of the blood.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla has won its reputation by years of valuable service to the community. It is the best."—R. S. Lang. Druggist, 212 Merrimack st., Lowell, Mass. Dr. W. P. Wright, Paw Paw Ford, Tenn., says: "In my practice, I invariably prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla for chronic diseases of the blood."

Dr. R. R. Boyle, Third and Oxford sts., philadelphia. Pa., writes: "For two years

Pr. R. Boyle, Third and Oxford sts., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "For two years I have prescribed Ayer's Sarsaparilla in numerous instances, and I find it highly effecatious in the treatment of all disorders of the blood."

L. M. Robinson, Pharmacist, Sabina, O., certifos: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla have all the properties and the properties of the blood."

L. M. Robinson, Pharmacist, Sabina, C., certifies: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has always been a great seller. My customers think there is no blood-purifier equal to it." "For many years I was afflicted with scrofulous running sores, which, at last became so bad the doctors advised amputating one of my legs to save my life. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and soon saw an improvement. After using about two dozen bottles the sores were healed. I continue to take a few bottles of this medicine each year, for my blood, and am no longer troubled with sores. I have tried other reputed blood-purifiers, but none does so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—D. A. Robinson, Neal, Kansass.

Don't fail to get Don't fail to get

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. \$1, six \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle



BRILLIANT,

PERFECT.

In Favor of Hawkey New Crystalized Lenses Over All Others.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE. LEXINGTON, Va., January 16, 1890. Mr. A. K. Hawkes:

Dear Sir.—When I require the use of glasses I wear your pantiscopic crystalized leuses. In respect to brilliancy and clearness of vision, they are superior to any glasses I have ever used. Respectfully,

EY-Governor of Virginia.

The recently elected United States senator of Georgia, General John B. Gordon, says: Mr. A. K. Hawkes:

Dear Sir.—The pantiscopic glasses you furnished me some time since give excellent satisfaction. I have tested them by use, and must say they are unequalled in clearness and brilliancy by any that I have ever worn.

Respectfully, JOHN B. GORDON, Governor of State of Georgia.

SUPREME JUDGE MCENERY SAYS: BAYON ROUGE, LA., January 23, 1886. Mr. A. K. Hawken:

Dear Sir.—I desire to testify to the great superiority of your Crystalized Lenses. They combine great brilliancy with softness and pleasantness to the eye, more than I have ever found.

S. D. McENERY,

Ex-Governor of Louislana,

SIGHT IMPROVED.

Dear Sir,—Your Patent Eye-Glasses received some time since, and am very much gratified at the wonderful change that has come over my cyesight since I have discarded my old glasses and am now wearing yours. ALEXANDER AGAR. CLARLESTON, W. VA., January 18, 1890.

Dear Sir,—I have tested your Crystalized Lenses adjusted for me some weeks ago, and am very much pleased with them. Very respectfully, E. W. Wilson. FROM THE EX-GOVERNOR OF FLORIDA. TALLAHASSEE, FLA., March 5, 1888.

Mr. A. K. Hawkes, Atlanta: Dear Sir,—I have thoroughly tested the glasses you dited to my eyes some time since, and have found them to possess a softness of vision which surpasses anything of the kind I have ever worn; in fact they are the best glasses I ever used. Respectfully, W. D. BLOXHAM.

LETTER FROM BISHOP GREGG.

Sir,—I have been using your glasses for the greater part of two years. Am much impressed with their superiority, and take pleasure in commending them for long use and perfect sight when that is possible. Respectfully,

Alexander Graco.

Bishop Episcopal Church and Chancellor University of the South.

R. G. CABELL, Jr., & CO.,

RICHMOND. A. K. HAWKES. MANUFACTURING OPTICIAN.

my 10-Su.Tu&Thlmar **CURE FITS**



100 Doses One Dollar

PRESERVE YOUR SIGHT



Consulting and Manufacturing (

Factory 8 south Tenth stre



607 east Broad street. EVERYBODY RIDE

AD RO.

> STARKE'S DIXIE PLOW-WORKS, No. 7 south Fifteenth street. my 26-Tu,Th&Su

BUILDING.

LOAN, AND TRUST COMPANI.

D. Mittelderfet, E. D. Starke. VICE-PRESIDENT

William Lovenstein,

ORGANIZED IN 1875

LOANS ON REAL ESTATE PROMPT.

LY MADE,

RETURNABLE IN MONTHLY INSTALMENT

DAVENPORT & MORRIS,

are just landing a few Half-Chesis of

EXTRA CHOICE FIRST PICKED ely offered on the American market.

This TEA is of the most exquisite flaver, by Colong Ten with a distinctive Meyune to

BOOK AND JOB WORK NEATLY DESCRIPTION OF THE DISPARCE PRINTS